

[Next to You, Your Eyes Closed](#) by [Luddleston](#)

Category: Hades (Video Game 2018)

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Summary:

Achilles and Pat wake up aroused, while Zagreus sleeps on beside them.

They ought not to wake their prince. He works so hard, he deserves some rest, doesn't he?

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Author's Note:

Thank you to the wonderful folks of the Trojan horse party for the prompt! And happy slut Zag Friday? I guess? Zag is asleep so it's truly Achilles who's the slut.

“Ah!”

“Now, Achilles, you can’t do that. We wouldn’t want to wake our prince,” said Patroclus, his voice a low, sweet whisper.

He made it sound easier than it was. Zagreus’ back was pressed against Achilles’ chest, the autumn-leaf scent of his laurels filling Achilles’ nose. Patroclus’ cock was slowly pushing into Achilles, forcing air from his lungs that came out tinged with sound whether he wanted it to or not.

And Zagreus was fast asleep.

Their prince did not often rest, but when he did, he slept hard. While he had been working in the House of Hades, he occasionally overslept, and his father would berate him for it. Thus, Achilles and Patroclus were making considerable efforts to ensure their lover could get plenty of sleep without waking anxious and stressed. He slept better in their bed, and Achilles was glad for it.

He slept so well, in fact, that when Patroclus woke Achilles by pulling up the hem of the short chiton he’d gone to bed in, Zagreus didn’t make a peep.

“*Let him rest,*” Patroclus had said. “*As you can tell, I’ve woken in a state, but you’ll take care of it, won’t you?*” His cock rubbed against the crease of Achilles’ ass, and Achilles felt precisely what state Patroclus had woken in.

If Patroclus was not going to let Achilles rest, he demanded to be thoroughly fucked.

Achilles had been quiet while Patroclus rubbed up against him, and he'd been quiet while Patroclus kissed his neck, and he'd been quiet while Patroclus spoke filth into his ear and opened him up with his fingers. He could not be blamed for the noise he made when Patroclus gave that first steady thrust in.

Patroclus lay unmoving after gently scolding Achilles, letting him gather himself, although it was hard to do when he could feel Patroclus splitting him open. This was always the most overwhelming yet wonderful part of sex for him, especially when he had been mortal and the exterior of his body was blessed with invulnerability that made every touch feel distant and far away.

He wanted more, but Patroclus would not give him more until he settled, quiet once more, against Zagreus. Achilles kept his tremulous hand resting gently over Zagreus' waist, forcing himself to keep from gripping down and pulling Zagreus' body flush to his.

Once Achilles was calm, Patroclus began to move.

He rocked into Achilles slowly, barely pulling out before driving back in, always keeping Achilles full. Achilles gritted his teeth but couldn't keep from whining when Patroclus gave a particularly hard thrust that forced him forward until his cock was brushing against Zagreus' ass. They both froze.

Zagreus stirred, nuzzling his face into the pillows with a happy, contented sigh, still very much asleep.

Patroclus gave an irritated little click of his tongue. "I got away from myself there, it seems," he said.

Achilles, liking that he was making Patroclus lose the tight leash he kept on his self control these days, pushed back against his cock. Patroclus muffled a grunt of pleasure into the back of Achilles' neck and gripped tight to Achilles' hips, continuing his slow movements.

They weren't being particularly noisy or obtrusive when Zagreus rolled over, making Achilles freeze. Of course, Zagreus would not mind if he woke up to them fucking, but the lad really did need his rest.

He was on his other side now, facing Achilles, his lovely face slack with sleep and one of his hands curled up just to the side of his pretty pink lips. The glow of his laurels dampened when he slept, and with his eyes closed, he looked more mortal than ever, the infernal red of his right eye shielded from view. He had such lovely lashes, thick and dark, like Pat's, but they stood out even more for how pale and chthonic his skin was.

He was the picture of innocent youth, and Achilles was taking cock inches from him.

The thought nearly made him come.

Patroclus had not stopped rocking into him, because Achilles' breath was stolen by his view of Zagreus and so Achilles had been obediently quiet. Pat was moving harder and faster, if anything, testing the limits of what Zagreus could sleep through. Achilles had to brace himself to keep from being pushed forward into Zagreus.

He imagined Zagreus waking up to that, Patroclus rutting Achilles into him with each forceful thrust, the two of them groaning in unison as they took one another apart over him.

If he came now, it would land on Zagreus' belly, where his breath moved deep and easy with sleep. He shifted back, trying to put him out of range of spoiling Zagreus like that, but Zagreus only moved forward, sleepily reaching out for Achilles' warm body. He put an arm around Achilles' waist and nuzzled his head forward, cuddling up to his chest.

How precious their prince was! Achilles felt a strange guilt for doing something so lewd in his presence, even though their nap had been preceded by Zagreus taking both of them at once, until he couldn't move.

Achilles stroked the back of Zagreus' neck, fingers barely brushing through the dark hair at his nape, and tried not to breathe too heavily and wake him.

Patroclus started kissing Achilles' neck, nipping and digging his teeth in. Achilles suspected this was how Pat was keeping himself quiet, the bastard. Achilles had nothing to do but control himself, which was becoming steadily more difficult to do, as Zagreus sought him out again and again, even in his sleep.

Zagreus was like a lick of flame when he was awake, his body heat so powerful that sitting next to him made Achilles feel like he was before an open hearth. While Zagreus slept, his temperature cooled, and naturally, he wanted to be close to whatever heat source he could find. At the House, he had a thick bedspread and a mountain of pillows, but here, he had Achilles.

He shifted closer just as Patroclus rocked into Achilles with a particularly dirty grind, and Achilles gasped, then clamped his mouth shut, hoping that little sound wasn't enough to make Patroclus slow down.

Patroclus, it seemed, was beyond slowing down anyway. Zagreus' chilly fingertips brushed Achilles' chest, having moved close enough that Achilles had to push his hips back so that Zagreus' belly wouldn't press against his erection.

Patroclus bit him again while he came, his hot breath against Achilles' neck in measured pants, his cock buried to the hilt.

"This is some remarkable self control from you," he said into Achilles' ear once he'd recovered. He didn't pull out, just let Achilles stay stoppered full with him while he reached around to stroke Achilles' cock. "Who knew all it took was a sleeping prince to keep you from pushing until you get your way?"

Achilles didn't respond, he was biting his lip. He could feel Zagreus breathing against his chest, the press of his forehead, the slack of his hands resting against Achilles' skin.

Achilles had to be breathing hard enough to wake Zagreus with the rise and fall of his chest. He tried to pull back, to keep his distance because he wasn't going to be able to keep even this relative level of stillness while he

came, but Zagreus reached for him, fingers tangling in the neckline of Achilles' chiton.

"Mmnh...Achilles," Zagreus mumbled, sleepy and confused, and that was all it took for Achilles to come. He turned his face into the pillows, endeavoring to muffle himself and achieving it for the most part. Pat still chuckled at his display.

Patroclus hadn't lifted his hem to stroke his cock, so Achilles was prevented from despoiling their prince, thank the gods. He had absolutely ruined his clothes, but Elysium's magic removed bloodstains and could certainly handle this.

There was a little huff of breath against the back of his neck which Achilles realized was Patroclus laughing. He kicked Pat's ankle in punishment.

This, of all things, had Zagreus stirring. He blinked, rubbing one bleary eye, squinting at the two of them. "What... hmnh?"

Achilles couldn't help the smile that brightened his face. "It's... it's nothing, lad," he said.

Zagreus rubbed the bridge of his nose, and faced him with a more critical stare. "Why do you two look like you were just fucking?"

"Impressive," Patroclus said around a yawn, "nothing gets past you."

Zagreus jolted upward, leaning on his elbow. "Wait! You two were—while I was—I missed it?"

Achilles often found himself laughing harder than he ever had in life over Zagreus. This was no exception. "We thought you needed your rest, lad," he said, around breathless giggles.

"We can go another round," Patroclus offered.

"Hmm." Zagreus pretended to think it over, but he was kicking his leggings off under the blankets. "I'll consider it."

“But?” Patroclus prompted him.

“But, only if you tell me *exactly* what you and Achilles were up to while I was sleeping.”

Author's Note:

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